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Lexington Intelligencer
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Kansas Aggies Fall Before M. U.
 A hard-fought football battle that surged back and forth across the field at Columbia last Saturday ended in a defeat for the team from the Kansas State Agricultural College at the hands of the University of Missouri Tigers by a score of 10 to 7.

Missouri, which was badly defeated by Oklahoma a week before, came back in good style, but found a match in the team from the University of Kansas. The game Saturday boosts Missouri's chances for victory in the annual Missouri-Kansas game which will be played at Columbia on Thanksgiving Day.

The Aggies went down the field just before the close of the game and put a forward pass over the line for their touchdown. Both teams defended their goals well when in close quarters, each taking the ball on downs in the shadow of the posts.

Next Saturday Missouri will play Washington University of St. Louis. The game will be in Columbia.

Cheaper Pork.

Probably the cheapest way to produce pork is by the corn, clover or alfalfa, and "a little tankage" method, according to B. H. Kern, county agent of Grundy County. More pork will be produced to the acre by hogging down corn than by scooping corn with a shovel. Limit the acreage that the hogs will clean up as they go. A twenty-six inch woven wire fence fastened to a post at each end of the field, tied to corn stalks between the posts or to sticks driven for the purpose, is the method being used by some Grundy County farmers for fencing off of a small acreage so that the hogs will clean up the corn as they go. A mineral mixture for keeping the hogs in good condition should be used.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Cobb announce the birth of a son, Sunday, November 7, 1920.

Both the Burlington and Wabash R. R. officials visited the Telegraph Dept. of the Chillicothe Business College last week getting a line on those who will soon finish and encouraging them to come to their railroads for employment.

Red Cross Notes.
 Miss Edith Epler from Red Cross headquarters is here getting material in readiness for a class of girls which is to be sent to Lafayette County to obtain practical experience for secretaries in home counties. They will be here to work with Miss Marquis in the county. It is quite a compliment to Lafayette County that we have been chosen to have this class sent here as only the well organized and most active chapters are chosen.

In the coming year the Red Cross in Lafayette County expects to have the County nurse continue her work in the schools, examining the children following up the cases, visiting the sick, giving demonstrations in caring for patients. Also the Red Cross expects to hold more nutrition clinics. Plans are being made and are already in progress whereby the Red Cross can co-operate with the Provident Associations, Churches, and the County Court in helping the poor.

At six thirty November 4th, the Chamber of Commerce of Lexington entertained the county organization of the Roll Call at dinner at the Methodist church. The group was composed of the Branch officers and Roll Call Chairmen throughout the county. There are however a few branches which were not represented and they missed a very instructive evening as well as a sumptuous repast. Mr. Kay of Lexington, gave a very lovely number, which was greatly enjoyed. There were interesting talks by Miss Monroe and Miss Epler of St. Louis, on Disaster Relief, and Home Service. The group was most fortunate in hearing Mr. Edward Orr, Assistant Director of Roll Call in the Southwest Division who talked on how to put a Roll Call across. He gave many interesting experiences and also much valuable advice which we hope to use.

Those present: Napoleon Mrs. Guy, Miss Wulfekammer, O. Wulfekammer, Miss Lueke, Wellington—Mr. Larberg. Watery—Mrs. Cauthorne, Miss Cauthorne, Mrs. J. B. Wheeler, Miss Blanche Corder. Alma—Mr. Ashurst, Corder—Mrs. R. L. Gains, Miss Edna Dean, Miss Amy Bell, Concordia—Rev. Z. Meyer, Mrs. Meyer, Mr. Walters, Mayview—Judge Butt, Mrs. J. M. Roach, Mr. Puckett. Odessa—O. W. Phillips, Mrs. Joe Lightner, F. R. Britt, Lexington—J. G. Crenshaw, W. M. Groves, B. M. Little, Miss Martha Marquis and Miss Theresa Wilson.

Mrs. E. J. Earl of St. Joseph, arrived Saturday evening for a visit at the home of her brother, F. G. Young.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Martin announce the birth of a girl, Thursday, November 11, 1920

Black Poms

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

John Blackmore was bored to suffocation in the big city called New York. Glancing out of his boarding house window to the sunny street it seemed to him that every man passing was jaunty and happy and had an unmistakable air of being on his way to get the only girl and take her out for the afternoon.

John had no only girl nor even a half-way girl to go to see on Sunday. And Sunday without a girl was worse than an egg without salt. John hated his own company. He liked having good friends, but had been forced to leave them all when the firm he worked for sent him East to fill a most flattering position.

John fell to pondering darkly on what he would be doing were he still out in the homelike small town where everyone knew everyone else. Lily, Elsy, Mary or Caroline would be going out on the river with him. Lily, Elsy, Mary or Caroline would have on a freshly ironed white dress with spotless white shoes and a great floppy hat to shield an adorable face from sunburn.

And John would be gazing happily from time to time under that hat. There would be a neat box of lunch with feed tea in a thermos and plenty of homemade chocolate cake. Later there would be a glorious sunset, still later a more glorious moonrise, and still later under that wonderful moon, he, John Blackmore and Lily, Elsy, Mary or Caroline would perchance steal a moment or two from lovers' hours before taking the weary but happy trip home.

John had read his Sunday paper from cover to cover, all but the advertisements, but so homesick did he become that he picked up the sheet again in sheer desperation and began a careful review of the "Lost and Found" column. There might possibly be some drawing string in those personal notes.

One did attract John. It was an advertisement for the return of a black Pomeranian answering to the name of Pet. The girl who had lost her was apparently dying slowly but surely over the loss. John grieved with her. Her name was Jane Montgomery and she lived up in what John had always termed the End of the World, being One Hundred and Eighty-first street.

Now John's ideas of Pomeranians was a bit vague, but he determined to find something in the way of a dog and take it to Jane. There was always a faint chance that Jane would be attractive, worth while and all that sort of thing. John was a very hopeful type of man and he very much wanted a girl with a freshly starched white dress to take out on Sundays.

The married couple in the room behind him had an animal that closely resembled a dog. It had short black hair, a tail that waved in the air at most any angle and long spindly legs. Mike was, however, the most beloved pet of the couple. Perhaps Mike had played an important part in the couple's wooing. John hoped Mike was a mascot. He decided to borrow Mike.

He knocked gently at the rear door and told his scheme. The couple being newly married and full of romance agreed willingly. John critted his teeth when he saw Mrs. Woodruff. Her gown was pink and fluffy and her hair wide and white. She had a pink parasol and she and Henry were about to start for a Sunday afternoon boat trip. Henry went so far as to scratch the name "Pet," on a bit of leather he had used for a wrist watch and encircle Mike's lean neck with it.

The Woodruffs laughingly wished John the very best of luck but firmly insisted on the safe return of their beloved Mike.

"She must not be so attractive as to wheedle our Mike away from you," Mrs. Woodruff admonished.

John grinned. "If Jane Montgomery is as attractive as that," he stated. "I will buy Mike an ermine cloak for next winter."

And feeling in his bones that he and Mike would be promptly put off either subway or elevated, John jumped into a taxi with the animal and gave the chauffeur an address at the end of the world. John cared not in what manner he spent some of his excellent salary so long as it was in quest of the right girl.

Mike had never had so long a ride in a taxi, but he seemed to enjoy it. Since his great floppy black ears pricked up from time to time, and when John addressed him the straggly tail wagged happily.

John pulled himself well in hand when they drew up at the curb and tried to get into the atmosphere of a man who had found a lost pet Pomeranian and was firmly convinced that the animal he had was that same dog.

He and Mike went up three flights of stairs to apartment 8 and rang the bell. It was answered by Jane herself. John pushed Mike well to the front and stared questioningly at Jane. Jane was all, and more, than a hungry, lonesome young man could desire.

When she caught sight of Mike he eyes took on an expression that was difficult to define. And when they met

John's they lit up with a twinkle that prompted a grin from John.

"I found this Pomeranian and the name Pet is on his collar," lied John, and hoped she would invite him and Mike into the tiny cool apartment.

She did. Jane led the way into a most divine little sitting room that seemed a haven of pink geraniums and nasturtiums.

"Are you a dog fancier?" asked Jane, sending a swift glance straight into John's eyes, then a long one at the un-Pomeranian outline of Mike. "Well—I did not suppose you were a peddler of Poms, but I did think he might have a tooth or a hair or two that was sufficiently Pomeranian for me to have brought him up here."

Mike meanwhile was snuggling about Jane's apron; then he returned to make up a friendly position beside Jane.

"He is black, anyway," she laughed and stooped to pet him. "I would love to keep him—since he is lost."

"I'm awfully sorry," quickly and thoughtlessly John apologized, "but the couple I borrowed him from want him back safe and sound."

Jane looked up, eyes wide and suddenly comarading. Then she smiled, and said nothing.

John's dark red hue spoke volumes. Then knowing he was caught red-handed he blurted out the whole story. His homesickness, the girls in white starched dresses, the wonder of Sundays—all came out in a breathless tale of woe.

John wondered at the peculiar expression in Jane's eyes and a sense of holding back something, whether it were tears or anger he was not quite sure.

But he was destined not to know at the moment, for a knock at the door proclaimed the arrival of another Pomeranian finder.

John glowered at the young, good-looking chap who brought it as if he were his most deadly enemy. But Jane's treatment of the new arrival and her reply that the dog was not her lost treasure in a way made the sun shine a bit more brightly for John.

He realized when the door had closed on the chap that he, too, must now take his departure.

"I am sorry," he said, "that I cannot find the dog you so highly treasure, but I will leap at every black Pom I see with the hope—"

Jane laughed softly if perchance there was the hint of a tear behind it all. "There isn't any dog," she confessed with color mounting high. "I was just as lonely as you—I wanted to wear my freshly pressed white dress and my wide picture hat and—"

When they were married a short time after there was an animal prowling about the tiny church during the ceremony, and he was not even a near Pomeranian, but he was a very much loved black dog with nondescript ancestors.

SOMETHING IN THIS NAME

Numerous "Percys" Have Added Brilliant Chapters to the History of the World.

From Los Angeles comes the news that Mrs. Percy Fisher Browne has induced her husband to change his name. He is now John Fisher Browne. The reason the bride assigns for getting rid of the "Percy" is that "my husband is not the Percy kind of fellow."

"But what is the 'Percy kind of fellow'?"

By turning to an encyclopedia, Mrs. Browne could have gotten a very different angle on the Percy name. Percy is the oldest established name of the English aristocracy. While royal family names have changed, Percys have persisted.

A Percy swung a wicked ax in the force of William the Conqueror. A Percy was one of the committee of twenty-five barons appointed to see that King John observed the provisions of Magna Charta.

When the Percys were made earls of Northumberland, it is a matter of history that the first four holders of the title all died on the field of battle, not to mention Sir Henry Percy, called Hotspur, who would have held the title had he not died fighting.

After an unsuccessful rebellion the title was forfeited for a time, and great Warwick, the "King maker," bestowed it on his brother, but the turbulent populace of Northumberland refused to be ruled by any but a Percy and the Percys were restored.

If Mr. Browne will but make a cursory study of English history she will gain an entirely new viewpoint on what characterized the name of Percy.

The "Percy kind of fellows" had they lived in California in the days of the "49ers" would have earned the descriptive phrase, "He's a bad man to start anything with."—New York World.

Early Theory of Aviation.

John Wilkins, lord bishop of Chester, England, who lived in the Seventeenth century, wrote a book called "The Discovery of the New World," in which he advanced several opinions upon the art of flying. In one chapter he enumerates four different ways by which flying in the air has been or may be attempted; first by angels; secondly, by the help of fowls; thirdly, by wings fastened to the body; and fourthly, by a flying chariot which he observes, is to be preferred. The theory of his flying chariot was to create the motive power by a strong spring which would cause it to progress, worked by the hand of its occupant and a pair of wings to keep it buoyant.



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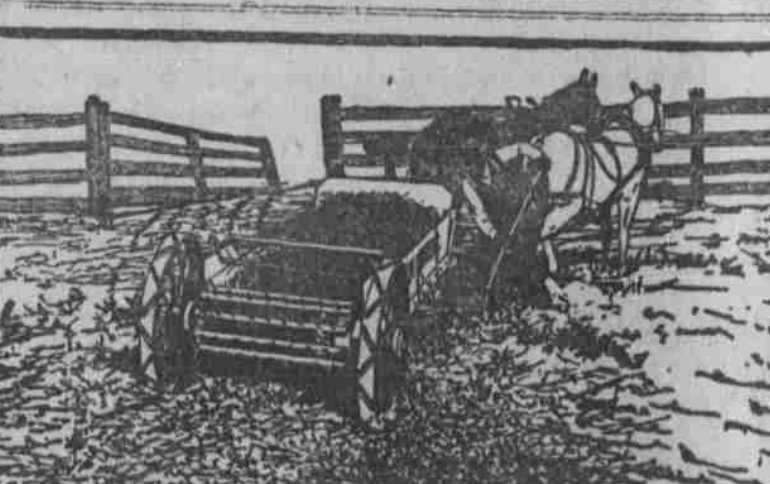
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